

How New Orleans Was Saved

An Episode of General Jackson's Famous Victory.

BY CLINTON ROSS.



THE proper statement to begin my tale is that I, John Fairbank, was an artillery captain under General Jackson in December, 1814. That was the time when General Jackson came to New Orleans to save a city which was scarcely less frightened than Washington had been before the British burned it; for fifty of the best ships of war of his Britannic majesty were standing toward the city. They were bringing English soldiers, who were mostly veterans of the wars fought in Europe against Napoleon; men who had defied defeat; who were officers by men of strategy and experience. These soldiers had seen us run at Bladensburg, and had burned the city of Washington, as you know, and they despised us.

"M'sieur, General Jackson will save us," said mademoiselle, who was the prettiest girl I, or any other man, ever saw. Mademoiselle Marie de Maur, the daughter of a titled emigre, Comte de Maur, had but a slighting opinion of me—a simple New England gentleman, a captain of the poor American artillery, as I have said.

"And you'll fight now, Captain John," she went on.

"What will you care?" said I, no doubt showing her too much of my feeling.

"You'll fight because you are a man—not because a little girl down here cares or not," she spoke very good English, you know. And she stamped her foot, and her eyes flashed, and I was jealous of a hundred fine young Louisianians.

Now one day shortly after this I was on leave, visiting my friend, Major Vallere, at his plantation; and I was there for no other reason in the world than that the Comte de Maur's plantation was near by. I had not been singed enough by the fire. And we were talking, after breakfast—the two Valleres and I, John Fairbank,—of how weak our defenses were, with nothing at the Balise, and only the poor little fort of Petites Cognilles.

We were rather gloomy, I can assure you, when the little, thin mulatto butler entered, trembling like an aspen. "The English!" he said, "The English!"

We had hardly risen before we heard them; they had stolen a march on us. Some negro fishermen had shown them the matted bayou, and here they were, a few miles below the city. Thinking of that, I remember we were desperate, and I know Major Vallere looked about like a hunted fox. Imagine the scene, if you can, of that December day, 1814!

The English officer who entered was very courteous, and a fine young fellow, at that. He was sorry, but he must shut us up, for we wouldn't give our paroles. We were thinking of how General Jackson had said that he would give these Britishers a good battle; and now this surprise might take away his chance.

"Yet we're obliged," said the elder Vallere, bowing, as only a gentleman of that family could, "for your offer of paroles."

The English lieutenant bowed back as courteously. Upstairs they took us, in their hurry; and the major and I were put in one room together, for the moment, I fancy. We should be separated when they had time, which would be presently. The door closed; we could hear the sentinels outside; that was all.

"Well?" said Vallere.

"Well?" said I.

"I was thinking of the city," said he.

"We'd better act while there's confusion," said I.

Suddenly, he leaned forward, and picked his sword from a table where it had been left in the hurry of our capture. "I'm going to jump from the window before they think of it," said he.

"It's too high by half," said I.

"What's my neck?"

"Eh, or mine?" said I, catching his fine French enthusiasm in my cooler head.

He was peering out of the window.

"There's my sword," said he.

It was an odd remark in the light of what follows, which I will tell you about. The dog was a fine animal of his kind, and I love dogs as well as another man.

"In the confusion? Will you dare?" said he, turning to me. "But we must get word to our general."

"Let me go first," said I, but not so eagerly—I have said I have no French blood. I was peering out, too, at the soldiers—at a bare-legged Highlander.

"An revoir!" said my French gentleman; and the window was wide, and he was through it, brandishing the sword, and was down on them like a thunderbolt of Jove. I thought he might break a leg, or his neck.

He did nothing of the kind, but landed straight, and was running and rushing and waving his sword; and there was a rattle of musketry—and I saw them in a red, waving line at his heels.

But I had small time to reflect. The space under the window was clear.

"New's my time!" said I, mutter-

ing some words I had learned at my mother's knee; and I was over the sill and dropped. I did not jump, as he did; and I landed plump on a stout officer who happened to rush out of the door at that moment. He came down with a thud—but I was up and away in the opposite direction from the major.

Some of them were after me in a tick of the clock. I felt the bullets about my ears, as I did at Lundy's Lane. I didn't expect to get clear. But two of us were running, and even if I didn't know the lay of the land, I might have a chance.

I dashed down into the thick shrubs; I scrambled and sank in morasses; I heard voices here, there, which seemed to die, which again gained force. I stumbled and fell on my face; and then, at length I found myself on a little path. I had no more notion than a baby where it might lead. Yet at last it seemed they had lost the trail.

I am no Louisianian; I didn't know at all the woodcraft of that broken land, while Vallere knew it all. But to be sure, I had to go somewhere. So I followed that path; and after a half-hour, although I heard voices and shouts, I saw no one; and then the path opened on a great house.

I knew it, my friends; the house the Comte de Maur had bought; the plantation where I brought my heart-beats to little Marie de Maur. And then again I heard the pursuit, close behind. I knew they would have me; while to my dismay, on looking out, I saw the caps of some of the jack-tars on the road beyond.

Now the servants of the place had rushed out, eager and fearful. The comte himself was shouting strange French words from his front door. A midshipman, hat in hand, was approaching him.

I looked about; I can tell you, I looked about. I saw how the shrubbery grew up close and shadowed a house, like that of the servants' quarters on those plantations. I edged up to it, and saw an open window. Out of a window I had come; into a window I would go. In a brief glance I saw a fat negro woman standing arms akimbo, looking out on the King of England's men.

I leaped in. She turned about, as if I were a ghost. I thought she would cry out. As an actual fact, she did nothing of the kind. She was quick-witted, that old soul. Quickly I explained. In her dialect, half French, half English, she saw a way, and taking some soiled linen from a basket, motioned me in.

You may believe I understood. Down I went into that basket, and a clean sheet was thrown over me, with the soiled linen on top of that.

Presently I heard a gruff voice. My friend grunted as if she didn't understand English. She was a wonderful person, I can assure you.

"Not here, eh?"

A sword-point touched my shins, and poked down there till I thought I should cry out; but I didn't, as was lucky, for the owner of the sword moved away, and the door shut.

I lay there half-smothered till I could stand it no longer, and then I stretched my head up, and the first sight I saw was the little mademoiselle. I wasn't a prepossessing sight. Imagine the situation yourself.

"Monsieur the captain," said she, with sparkling eyes.

"Beggings your pardon," said I, as I best could.

"I had no notion you were the man Celeste hid," she said, with laughter.

"Or else you would have given me up?" said I, much piqued. "Where are they?"

"They have gone, taking all the men and my father. I didn't have to use my dagger. They were very courteous."

The dagger was a little trinket at her belt. Every lady of the city and the countryside wore one that week, I dare say thinking that their pretty selves might have to fight the English. For gossip had it there had been a toast on Admiral Cochrane's ship, "Beauty and Booty."

"I will sing 'Yankee Doodle' or the 'Marseillaise,' if I can get away—to New Orleans," said I, impatiently.

"You must get there," said she, sobering.

"You must let them know. They've taken all our men with them."

For a moment she stood there reflecting, and then taking a step nearer, she said, "You shall go back into the basket."

"Well?" said I.

"And Celeste and another woman shall carry you—as if you were—"

"Old clothes," said I.

"No, a charming, brave gentleman," said mademoiselle, clapping her hands; and really it was the vainest moment of my life.

"That's good of you," said I. "But what follows?"

"They will take you to a place in the bayou where there's a skiff. Keep through the passage to the right, and you will reach the river near the city."

"I will try it," said I, getting back into the basket, where I stood for a moment looking at her. "You are a brave lady, mademoiselle." I knew there was more in my eyes than just what those words conveyed.

"And you, I have said, a brave gentleman."

"No more?" said I. "No more than that to you?"

"Yes," said she, and her eyes were downcast and her face crimson. "If you reach General Jackson, I'll marry you—if you want to ask me again."

I sprang out of my basket toward her, but she pushed me back. "Our love-making is not so important."

"As New Orleans?" said I. "Now I don't know about that."

"Besides, it is only on the condition that you get there," said she.

Back and down into the basket I went, without so much as another word. She threw the sheet and the linen over me again.

"God help you, dear," she said, and her tone made my predicament even worse while.

"Celeste?" she called.

Presently there was a heavy tread and an explanation in Creole French. I wondered if they would be able to carry such a burden as I. But fortunately I was slight then, and Celeste not of a heavenly build, like her name.

For the two negro women, big and heavy, carried me easily. Once a sentinel challenged; my heart went into my mouth. But the fellow became satisfied with the women's answers. Then after some jolts, we stopped.

The linen was pulled away, for which I was glad enough, you may believe. My eyes were open on a sunny place on the fat, complacent negress and her heavy-featured companion. The shrubs were thick where we stood; and in the shadow of the bank was a skiff, the oars across the seat.

My two carriers went down to the water's edge, almost nonchalantly, as if I didn't exist; and then they began to shout a high, dolorous melody, with the intention of drowning the splashing sound from the oars of the skiff. As I took my place I saw the smallness of the chance. But again Vallere's quick action fired my spirit, as it had in the leap from the window.

Yes, I was in the skiff. I was paddling very carefully under the bank. The water in the bayous was high then; there were little unused channels I could take, and as it chanced I knew those waters from my visits to the De Maurs. I had rowed there with mademoiselle many a time, and her talk now rang in my ears—her promise. And then I thought of the good Vallere. Had he been shot or taken?

But I must not tell you of all I thought and fancied; of how I saw some redcoats and avoided them. It would make a story altogether too long. You know that I reached the city, and the cathedral bell was tolling, and the air was filled with shouts and songs. You could hear "Yankee Doodle," "La Marseillaise," "La Chant du Depart," altogether, a medley of airs, of tongues. And then I knew my friend, Major Vallere, was safe.

Into the streets, out of all sorts of lodgings, were running that motley army, some in dandified clothes, some in buckskins, some our regulars, some Lafayette's swaggering pirate gentry. Ah, there never was such a scene—save that when the city went mad after the battle! And bright eyes watched and tender voices cheered, which made me think of mademoiselle.

Presently I found Vallere. Tears were in the brave gentleman's eyes as he told me how he had hid in a cypress, covered by the moss, and how his dog had followed him, and had whined there at the foot of the tree.

He hated to do it, but New Orleans must be saved. He descended from his perch, and killed the dog—not the least sacrifice made for the country in those days. Then, rescinding his cypress, he stayed hidden there until it was safe to take his way, and he had succeeded in reaching the city sooner than I.

And what followed? Ah, my friends, the great battle, when those splendid Englishmen—as brave men as ever lived—were moved down like a scarlet-topped meadow by the scythe!

And the pity and the uselessness of it, when, if we had known, the treaty had been signed, peace already had been made!

Did mademoiselle keep her promise? Well, you may believe I made her keep it. Of the events following my strange adventure, the chiefest for me indeed was not the battle, but just my meeting with mademoiselle.—YOUTH'S Companion.

Better Facilities.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl as she sat down beside the old gentleman and pulled his paper away, "Harold wants to have a talk with you to-morrow."

"Oh, he does, does he?" returned the old gentleman in a tone that was not calculated to inspire confidence in a young man. "Well, what's the matter with to-night?"

"He prefers, papa," replied the beautiful girl, "to wait until you are at your office."

"And what is the particular advantage of my being at my office?"

"He can call you up by telephone there, and we have none in the house, you know," answered the beautiful girl.—Chicago Post.

Methuen Descended From The Dutch.

It is interesting to know that Lord Methuen is a descendant of the Dutch founder of the West of England woolen industry, and that the name of the eldest son for generations has been Paul. He is very popular among the Guardsmen of the three regiments and, what is quite the same thing, with the Household Cavalry. He is somewhat delicate looking, but has a well-knit frame and a good head on his shoulders. He is young for a lieutenant general, and is understood to have theories of his own about tactics, which do not always run on all fours with those of the commander-in-chief, the Adjutant-General and Sir Redvers Buller.

RELIABLE DAIRY MEN.

DIRECTORY OF LEGITIMATE DEALERS.

The following dairymen are known to the Editor of the CITIZEN as reliable producers, who own their own herds of cattle and deliver their own product. There are no milk Hucksters in this list.

BENNING FARM DAIRY,

J. P. REILLY, Proprietor.

Benning, - - - D. C.

Established 1892. Pure milk right from the farm served in sealed jars twice a day. Customers are invited to inspect my dairy at their pleasure.

HILLOCK DAIRY,

JOHN BERGLING, - - - Proprietor.

Mt. Olivet Road, D. C.

Established 1894. Pure milk served to my customers fresh from the dairy every morning.

Chevy Chase Farm Dairy,

GEORGE A. WISE, Proprietor.

Chevy Chase, - - - Maryland.

Established 1881. I try to serve the very best quality of milk it is possible for a man to produce. My herd and dairy farm are open to inspection at all times.

AGER'S FARM DAIRY,

I. B. AGER, - - - Proprietor.

Hyattsville, Maryland.

Established 1870. I have a herd of thirty-five cattle—mostly Jersey's—and deliver whole milk fresh from the farm every morning.

GUDE'S DAIRY,

ALEX. GUDE, - - - Proprietor.

Hyattsville, Maryland.

Established 1884. Pure milk delivered fresh from the farm every morning. My dairy and herd will always bear inspection.

OAK GROVE DAIRY,

D. MCCARTHY, - - - Proprietor.

Bladensburg Road, D. C.

Established 1885. Fresh milk delivered direct from the farm every morning. Two deliveries a day contemplated soon.

BRIER WOOD DAIRY,

A. J. PLUMER, - - - Proprietor.

Bladensburg, Maryland.

Established 1893. Fresh milk from the farm delivered every morning. The product of my dairy will always stand the test.

St. John's Park Dairy,

Mary Harriet Hatcher, Prop.

Brookland, D. C.

Established 1890. Pure milk delivered every morning. We invite an inspection of our place at all times. Milk for children a specialty.

CHEVY CHASE DAIRY,

H. G. CARROLL, Proprietor.

Chevy Chase, - - - Maryland.

Established 1897. Fresh milk direct from the farm served to customers every morning. An examination of my premises invited at all times.

BETHESDA DAIRY,

W. T. FAIRFAX, - - - Proprietor.

Bethesda, Maryland.

Established 1880. Pure milk direct from the farm delivered every morning. I always abide by all laws and regulations.

Welker's Farm Dairy,

D. S. WELKER, - - - Proprietor.

Langdon, D. C.

Established 1897. My plan is to keep a clean dairy, serve pure milk and render prompt service and I think my customers appreciate my efforts.

PAYNE'S FARM DAIRY,

M. J. PAYNE, Proprietor.

Bladensburg, - - - Maryland.

Established 1890. It is my aim to serve my customers with the very best quality of milk. I invite an inspection at any time.

Pennsylvania Dairy Farm

P. K. LAUDENSLAGER, Proprietor.

Bladensburg, - - - Maryland.

(P. O. Address, Hyattsville, Md.)

Established 1897. I have one herd of Jersey cows and serve only pure milk, which is specially recommended for invalids and infants. Youth's Companion.

PALISADES DAIRY,

W. L. MALONE, - - - Proprietor.

[Conduit Road, D. C.]

Established 1892. Pure milk and cream served in any part of the city every morning. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

BURLEIGH DAIRY,

JOHN HERRIGAN, - - - Proprietor.

3601 O Street N. W.

Established 1885. Dairy farm on New Cut Road or T street extended. Pure milk from my own cattle. Two deliveries daily. Prompt service.

CAMP SPRINGS DAIRY,

T. B. MIDDLETON, - - - Proprietor.

Camp Springs, Maryland.

Established 1886. Nothing but graded cattle in my herd. Absolutely pure, unadulterated milk direct from my farm served to customers.

OAK HILL DAIRY,

MATHANIEL COATS, - - - Proprietor.

Langley, Virginia.

Established 1894. Pure milk straight from the farm served in Washington every morning.

LANGLEY DAIRY,

L. T. CARTER, - - - Proprietor.

Langley, Virginia.

Established 1896. Pure Jersey milk from my own herd served customers every morning.

GRAND VIEW DAIRY,

JOHN S. ORRISON, - - - Proprietor.

Takoma Park, D. C.

Established 1895. The quality of milk I serve is gaining me new customers every day. My place will always bear inspection.

RUPPERT FARM DAIRY,

J. O'KEEFE, Proprietor.

Brightwood Avenue, - - - D. C.

Established 1894. I own my own herd of cattle and make two deliveries a day. My dairy plant and milk will always bear inspection.

BRIGHTWOOD DAIRY,

MRS. C. ROBINSON, - - - Proprietor.

Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1886. We deliver morning's milk only every morning. Our night's milk is all sold to dealers.

SHADY SIDE DAIRY,

CHAS. D. SMITH, - - - Proprietor.

Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1880. We deliver pure milk direct from Shady Side farm every morning. Our dairy and milk will bear the closest inspection.

SPA SPRING DAIRY,

H. A. MILLS, - - - Proprietor.

Benning, D. C.

Established 1888. The Spa Spring Dairy has a reputation for serving good milk. Our customers know that. An inspection from others is invited.

GRANBY FARM DAIRY,

BARRETT BROS., Proprietors.

Bunker Hill Road, - - - Maryland.

(P. O. Brookland, D. C.) Pure milk and cream, delivered to any part of the city. Prompt delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Sligo Mill Road Dairy,

ISAIAH KREGLO, Proprietor.

Woodburn, - - - D. C.

(P. O. Address, Mt. Pleasant, D. C.) Established 1896. I serve pure milk right straight from the farm every morning. An inspection of my methods and dairy solicited.

JERSEY DAIRY,

D. ALLIAN, JR., - - - Proprietor.

2111 Benning Road.

Established in 1893. The present proprietor was born and brought up in the business. Has a herd of 27 Jersey cattle. Two deliveries a day throughout the city.

Buena Vista Dairy,

O. A. LANDON, - - - Proprietor.

Suitland Road, near Suitland, Md.

Established in 1880. I am on the farm with fifty head of cattle and deliver only pure milk that will always bear inspection.

GREEN FIELD DAIRY,

MRS. G. W. LEAPLEY, - - - Proprietor.

Benning, D. C.

Established in 1887. I serve only pure milk direct from the farm and my dairy will bear inspection at all times.

SUITLAND DAIRY,

E. L. HILL, - - - Proprietor.

Suitland, Maryland.

Established 1893. Pure milk straight from the farm delivered every morning. Milk for Babies and Children a specialty.

ST. OSYTH DAIRY,

O. L. SWANN, - - - Proprietor.

Silver Hill Maryland.

Established 1890. Pure milk direct from the farm served to customers every morning.

HERNDON DAIRY,

W. H. HUNGERFORD, - - - Proprietor.

Livingston Road, D. C.